THE
Counter-Scuffle;

Written by *R. S.*

Whereunto is Added

The Iriſh Entertainment.

Written by *W.* & *G.*

DUBLIN,
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THE COUNTER-SCUFFLE.

LEt that Majeſtick Pen that writes
Of brave K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their Noble Feats and Fights;
And thoſe who tell of mice and frogs,
And of the skirmiſhes of hogs,
And of fierce *Bears*, and maſtive-dogs,
be ſilent.

And now let each one liſten well,
While I the famous Battel tell
In *Woodſtreet-Counter* that befell
in high Lent.

In which great *Scuffle* only twain
Without much hurt, or being ſlain,
Immortal honour did obtain
by merit.

One was a *Captain* in degree,
A ſtrong and luſty man was he,
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free
of ſpirit.

And though he was no man of force,
He had a ſtomach like a Horſe,
And in his rage had no remorſe
or pity.

Full nimbly could he cuff and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettieſt ſparks about
the City.

And at his weapon any way
He could perform a ſingle fray
Even from the long Pike to the *Tay-*
lors Bodkin.

He reckt not for his fleſh a jot,
He fear'd not *Engliſh-man* nor *Scot*,
For *man* or *monſter* car'd he not
a Dodkin

For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in deſperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
he car'd not;

And in his anger (cauſe being given)
To lift his hand 'gainſt good Sir *Steven*,
Or any *Juſtice* under Heaven,
he fear'd not.

He durſt his enemy withſtand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis*-Sand,
And bravely there with Sword in hand
would greet him.

And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mongſt his foes to purchaſe fame,
Not cared though the Devil came
to meet him.

And this brave *Goldſmith* was the man
Who firſt this worthy Brawl began,
Which after ended in a Can
of mild Beer.

But had you ſeen him when he fought,
How eagerly for blood he ſought,
There's no man but would have him thought
a wild Bear.

Imagine

Imagine now you ſee a ſcore
Of mad-cap Gentlemen, or more,
Boys that did uſe to royſt and rore,
and ſwagger.
Among the which were three or four
That rul'd themſelves by wiſdoms lore,
Whoſe very Grandſires ſcarcely wore
a Dagger.

A *Prieſt* and *Lawyer*, men well read
In wiping ſpoons, and chipping bread,
And falling too, ſhort Grace being ſed,
full roundly:
Whoſe hungry maws no Sallets need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their ſtomacks without ſauce could feed
profoundly.

'Twas ill that men of ſober diet,
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that to riot
were given.
And (O great grief!) even from their food
(Their ſtomacks too being ſtrong and good)
And that ſweet place whereon it ſtood
be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat
What food our dainty priſoners eat,
But if in placing of the meat
and diſhes,
From curious order I do ſwerve,
'Tis that themſelves did none obſerve,
For which nor fleſh they did deſerve,
nor Fiſhes.

But ſome (perhaps) will ſay that Lent
Affords them not what here is ment,
So much, ſo good; and that they went
without it.

'Tis like: but if I add a diſh,
Or twain, or three, of Fleſh, or Fiſh,
They either had, or did it wiſh,
ne'r doubt it.

Then wipe your mouths, while I declare
The goodneſs of this Lenten fare,
Which is in priſon very rare,
I tell ye.

Furmity as ſweet as any *nut* *the ſupper*
As good as ever ſwill'd a Gut,
And butter ſweet as e're was put
in belly.

Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt uprightly ſtood,
And meats which heat and ſtir the blood
to action.

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobſters* red,
Which ſend the married pair to bed,
And in looſe bloods have often bred
a faction.

Fiſh butter'd to the platters brim,
And parſnips did in butter ſwim,
Strew'd o're with pepper neat and trim,
ſalt Sammon.

Smelts cry'd, come eat me, do not ſtay;
Freſh-Cod and *Maids* full neatly lay,
And next to theſe a luſty *Ba-*
con-gammon.

Stuck

Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
Well ſtufft with Sage, and for the ſmack,
Daintily ſtrew'd with pepper black.
Sous'd Gurnet,
Pickrel, *Sturgeon*, *Tench* and *Trout*,
Meat far too good for ſuch a rout
To tumble, toſs, and throw about,
and ſpurn it.
The next a *Neats-tongue* neatly dry'd,
Muſtard and *Sugar* by his ſide,
Roches butter'd, *Flounders* fry'd,
hot *Cuſtard*.
Eels boyl'd and broyl'd; and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fiſhes* king,
And then a Courtly *Poul* of *Ling*
and *Muſtard*.
But ſtay, I had almoſt forgot
The fleſh which ſtill ſtands piping hot,
Some from the ſpit, ſome from the pot
new taken:
A ſhoulder and a leg of *Mutton*,
As good as ever knife was put on,
Which never were by a true Glutton
forſaken,
A Loyn of *Veal* that would have dar'd
One of the ſtouteſt of the *Guard*;
And they ſometimes will feed full hard,
like tall men,
And ſuch as love the luſty *Chine*;
But when that I ſhall ſup or dine,
God grant they be no *Gueſts* of mine
of all men

Thus the deſcriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of men and meat;
Mars aid me now while I repeat
the battel,
Where pots and ſtools were us'd as gins
To break each others heads and ſhins,
Where blows did make bones in their skins
to rattle;
Where men to madneſs never ceaſt
Till each (furious as a beaſt)
Had ſpoyl'd the faſhion of a feaſt
full dainty;
Whereon (had they not been accurſt)
They might have fed till bellies burſt:
But *Ellis* ſhew'd himſelf the worſt
of twenty.
For he began this monſtrous braul,
Which afterwards incens'd them all
To throw the meat about the Hall
that even.
And now give ear unto the jar
That fell between theſe men of war,
Wherein ſo many a harmleſs skar
was given.
The board thus furniſht, each man ſate,
Some fell to feeding, ſome to prate,
'Mong whom a jarring queſtion ſtrait
was riſen.
For they grew hotly in diſpute
What calling was of moſt repute;
'Twas well their wits were ſo accute
in priſon.

While

While they diſcours'd, the Parſon blythe
Fed as he meant to have the tythe
Of every diſh, being ſharp as ſythe
in feeding.
But haſte had almoſt made him choke,
Or elſe (perhaps) he would have ſpoke
In praiſe of his long threed-bare cloke
and breeding.
But after a deliberate pauſe,
The *Lawyer* ſpoke, as he had cauſe,
In commendation of the *Laws*
profeſſion.
The *Law* (quoth he) by a juſt doom
Doth cenſure all that to it come,
And ſtill defend the innocent from
oppreſſion.
It favours truth, it curbs the hope
Of vice; it gives allegiance ſcope,
Provides a gallows and a rope
for treaſon.
This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes us here in priſon ſit,
Which grounded is on holy writ
and reaſon.
To which all men muſt ſubject be,
As we by daily proof do ſee,
From higheſt to the low'ſt degree;
the Scholar,
Noble and rich it doth ſubdue,
The ſouldier and his ſwaggering crew:
But at that word the Captain grew
in cholar.

He look'd full grim, and at firſt word
Rapt out an Oath that ſhook the board,
And ſtruck his fiſt, that the ſound roar'd
like thunder;
It made all skip that ſtood him near,
The frighted *Cuſtard* quak'd for fear,
And thoſe that heard it, ſtricken were
with wonder;
Nought did he now but frown and puff,
And having ſtar'd and ſwore enough,
Thus he began in language rough,
though cogging;
Baſe foyſting *Lawyer*, that doſt ſet
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned pet-
tifogging.
A Slave, that ſhall for half a Crown,
With Buckram Bag, and dagled Gown,
Wait like a dog about the Town,
and follow
A buſineſs on the Devils part
For fees, though not with Law nor Art,
But head as empty as thy heart
is hollow;
You ſtay at home and pocket fees,
While we abroad our bloods do leeſe,
And then with ſuch baſe terms as theſe
you wrong us;
But *Lawyer*, it is ſafer far
For thee to prattle at a Bar,
Than once to ſhew thy face i'th' war
among us;

Where

Where to defend ſuch thankleſs Hinds,
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to ſtormy winds
And weathers,
And oft in blood he wades full deep,
Your throats ſtom forreign Swords to keep,
And wakes when you ſecurely ſleep
in feathers.
What could your *Laws* and *Statutes* do
Againſt invaſions of a *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* go
to quell 'em?
And to prevent your further harms,
With Enſign, Fife, and loud Alarms
Of warlike Drum, by force of Arms
repel 'em?
Your *Treſpaſs-Action* will not ſtand,
For ſetting foot upon your Land,
When they in ſcorn of your command
come hither:
No remedy in *Court* of *Pouls*,
In *Common Pleas*, or in the *Rouls*,
For jouling of your *jobbernouls*
togetherr
Were't not for us, thou *Swad* (quoth he)
Where wouldſt thou fog to get a fee?
But to defend ſuch things as thee
'tis pity.
For ſuch as thou eſteem us leaſt,
Who ever have been ready preſt
To guard you and your *Guckoes* neſt,
your City.
Tha

That very word made *Ellis* ſtart,
And all his blood ran to his heart;
He ſhook, and quak'd in every part
with anger:
He lookt as if nought might aſſwage
The heat of his enflamed rage;
His very countenance did preſage
ſome danger.
A *Cuckoes* neſt? quoth he, and ſo
He humm'd, and held his head full low,
As if diſtracted thoughts did o-
verpreſs him.
At length, quoth he, my Mother ſed,
At *Briſtow* ſhe was brought a-bed,
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
(God bleſs him.)
Of *London* City I am free,
And there I firſt my Wife did ſee,
And for that very cauſe, quoth he,
I love it.
And he that calls it *Cuckoes* neſt,
Except he ſays he ſpeaks in jeſt,
He is a Villain and a Beaſt,
I'll prove it:
This I'll maintain, nor do I care
Though Captain *Pot-gun* ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſwear, and tear his hair
in fury;
And with the hazard of my blood
I'll fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrel good,
aſſure ye.

For though I am a man of trade,
And free of *London* City made,
Yet can I uſe *Gun*, *Bill* and *Blade*
in battel;
And Citizens, if need require,
Themſelves can force the Foe retire,
What ever this *Low-Countrey* Squire
do prattle,
For we have Souldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captains of moſt fair renown
about it;
If any Foe ſhould fight amain,
And ſet on us with all his train,
We'll make him to retire again
ne'r doubt it.
We have fought well in dangers paſt,
And will do while our lives do laſt,
Without the help of any caſt
Commanders
That hither come, compell'd by want,
With ruſty Swords, and ſuits provant,
From *Utrick*, *Numigen*, or *Gaunt*
in *Flanders*.
The *Captain* could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,
and call'd him
Proud boy, and for his ſaucy ſpeech
Did vow ſhortly to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnatcht the pot, with which
he mall'd him.

He threw the Jugg, and therewithal
Did give the *Captain* ſuch a mall
As made him thump againſt the wall
his Crupper.
With that the *Captain* took a diſh
That ſtood brim-full of butter'd Fiſh,
As good as any heart could wiſh
to ſupper:
And as he threw, his foot did ſlide,
Which turn'd his arm and diſh aſide,
And all be-butterfiſhifide
Nick Ballat:
And he (good man) did none diſeaſe;
But ſitting quiet, and at his eaſe,
With butter'd *Rochets* thought to pleaſe
his palat.
But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd and ſwore, and grew ſtark mad;
Some in the room been better had
without him;
For he took hold of any thing;
And firſt he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*,
Which he couragiouſly did fling
about him.
Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the Board in higheſt place
was ſeated.
And as the *Lawyer* thought to riſe,
The ſalt was thrown into his eyes,
Which him of ſight in woful wiſe
defeated.

All things near hand, *Nick Ballat* threw;
At length his butter'd *Rochets* flew,
And hit by chance, among the crew,
the Parson:

The sauce his Coat did all bewet,
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butter'd which he set
his ----- on:

He knew not what to do or say,
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,
Or cry, *You are all gone astray*
good people:

He might as well go strive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach;
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach
i'th' Steeple.

At this mischance the silly man
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angerly began
to mutter.

Ill luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Parsneps* full of fat;
Which stuck like Broaches in his Hat
with butter.

Out of the place he soon repairs,
And ran half headlong down the stairs,
And made complaint to Mr. *Aires*
with crying.

Up ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did scatter,
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
were lying.

I dare

I dare not ſay he ſtunk for wo,
Nor will, unleſs I did it know;
But ſome there be that dare ſay ſo,
that ſmelt him;
Nor could ye blame him if he did,
For they threw diſhes at his head,
And did with eggs and loaves of bread
bepelt him.
He thruſt himſelf into the throng,
And us'd the vertue of his tongue;
But what could one mans words among
ſo many?
The candles all were ſhuffled out,
The Vittels flew afreſh about;
Was never ſuch a combat fought
by any.
Now in the dark was all the coyl;
Some were bloody in the broyl,
And ſome were ſteept in *Sallet-Oyl*
and Muſtard.
The ſight would make a man afeard:
Another had a butter'd beard,
Anothers face was all beſmear'd
with *Cuſtard.*
Others were daub'd up to the knee
With butter'd *Fiſh* and *Furmitee*;
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee
that beat 'em.
Under the Board *Lluellin* lay, Will. Lluellin *a*
Being ſore frighted with the fray *priſoner there,*
And as the weapons flew that way *ſome time Keeper*
he eat 'em.

The

The bread ſtuck in the windows all,
Like bullets in a Caſtle-wall,
Which furious foes did ſeek to ſcale
in battel.

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and loyns of *Veal*
Appointed for to ſerve the meal,
About their ears full many a peal
did rattle;

The which, when *Own Blany* ſpy'd, *An Under-Keeper.*
Oh, take away their arms, he cry'd,
Leſt ſome great hurt do them betide,
prevent it.

And then the Knave away did ſteal
Of food that fell, no little deal,
And in his houſe at many a meal
he ſpent it.

The Captain ran the reſt among,
As eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the pot which *Ellis* flung
ſo ſtoutly:

And angry *Ellis* ſought about
To find the furious Captain out;
At length they met, and then they fought
devoutly.

Now being met, they never lin,
Till with their robuſtious din
The room and all that was therein
did rumble.

Inſtead of weapons made of ſteel,
The Captain took a ſalted Eel,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reel
and tumble.

Ellis a *Pippin-pye* had got,
A ſorer weapon than the pot;
For lo, the apples being hot
did ſcald him.
The Captain laid about him ſtill,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,
And with his Eel with a good will
he mall'd him.
At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A fellow of a couragious heart,
Yield now, and I will take thy part
hereafter.
Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorn to hear
Thy words of threat, being free from fear;
With which he hardly could forbear
from laughter.
Together then afreſh they fly,
The *Eel* againſt the pippin-pye:
But *Blany* ſtood there purpoſely
to watch 'em.
The weapons wherewithal they fought,
Were thoſe for which he chiefly ſought,
And with an eager ſtomack thought
to catch 'em;
But ſcap't not now ſo well away
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* fray;
He thought to have with ſuch a prey
his jaws fed:
But all his hope did turn aſide,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,
For *Ellis* all be-pippin-py'd
his Calves-head.

Wo was the caſe he now was in,
The hot apples did ſcald his skin;
His skull as it had rotten been
did quoddle.

With that one fool among the rout
Made out-cry all the houſe about
That *Blany*'s Brains were beaten out
his noddle:

Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would ſee
What all this coyl and ſtir might be; *A Turnkey, fat fellow.*
And up the ſtairs his guts and he
went wadling.

But when came the chamber near,
Behind the door he ſtood to hear;
For in he durſt not come for fear
of ſwadling:

There ſtood he in a frightful caſe;
And as by chance he ſtirr'd his face,
Full in the mouth a butter'd Plaice
did hit him.

Away he ſneakt, and with his tongue
He lickt and ſwallow'd up the wrong,
And as he went the room along
be----him.

For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon or I die,
My guts out of my belly fly,
come quickly.

Blany with open mouth likewiſe
For preſent help of Surgeon cries;
Pitty a man, quoth he, that lies

Phillips the skilful Surgeon then,
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd agen
If he had skill to cure theſe men,
to ſhew it.

At length he comes, and firſt he puts
His hands to feel for *Lockwoods* guts;
Which came not forth ſo ſweet as nuts,
all know it:

He cries for water; in the mean
One calls up *Madge* the *Kitchin-quean*,
To take and make the Baby clean,
and clout it,

Faſt by the noſe ſhe took the ſquall,
And led him ſoftly throw the Hall,
Leſt the perfume through knees ſhould fall
about it.

She turn'd his hoſe beneath the knee,
Nor could ſhe chuſe but laugh to ſee
That yellow which was wont to be
a white breech.

She took a diſh-clout off the ſhelf,
And with it wip'd the ſh----Elf,
Which had not wit to help it ſelf,
poor----breech

Thus leaving *Lockwood* all bewraid
Unto the mercy of the maid,
Who well deſerved to be paid
for taking

Such homely pains: now let us caſt
Our thoughts back on the ſtir that's paſt,
And them whoſe bones could not in haſte
leave aking.

And

And like the candles, ſhall my pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like men
appeared
Freſh lights being brought t'appeaſe the brall,
Shew twenty mad-men in the Hall,
With blood and ſauce their faces all
beſmeared
Their clothes rent, and ſouc'd in drink,
Oyl, *Muſtard*, *Butter*, and the ſtink
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think
in ſadneſs
That theſe ſo monſtrous creatures dwell
Either in Bedlam, or in Hell,
Or that no tongue or pen can tell
their madneſs.
They were indeed diſfigur'd ſo,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe;
For each man ſcarce himſelf did know:
but after
A frantick ſtaring round about,
They ſuddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
in laughter.
The heat of all now is allaid,
The Keepers gently do perſwade;
And (as before) all friends are made
full kindly.
Ellis the Captain doth imbrace,
The Captain doth return the grace,
And ſo do all men in the place
as friendly.

By *Jove* I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd;
The Captain ſoon as much reply'd:
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd,
and *Vulcan*
With *Mars* at odds again ſhall be
Ere any jars 'twixt me and thee;
And thereupon I drink to thee
a full can.
And then he kneel'd upon the ground:
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever ſhall be held renown'd;
and never
May any quarrel 'twixt us twain
Ariſe, or this renew again,
But may we loving friends remain
for ever.
Amen, cry'd the *Captain*, and ſo did all,
And ſo the Health went round the Hall;
And thus the famous *Counter-Braul*
was ended.
But hunger now did vex 'em more
Than all their anger did before;
They ſcarcht i'th' room how far their ſtore
extended.
They want the meat which *Blany* ſtole;
One finds a *Herring* in a hole,
With durt and duſt black as a coal,
and trodden
All under feet. The next in poſt,
Snaps up, and feeds on what was loſt,
And looks not whether it were roſt
or ſodden;

A third finds in another place
A piece of *Ling* in durty caſe,
And *Muſtard* in his fellows face.

Another

Eſpies, and finds a loaf of bread,
A diſh of butter all beſpread,
And ſtuck upon anothers head

i'th'pother

Thus what they found contentented ſome:
And length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the room

with ſweeping.

But under Table on the gronnd
Looking to ſweep, by chance he found
Lluelling faining to be ſound-

ly ſleeping.

He pull'd him out ſo ſwift by th' heels,
As if his bum had run on wheels,
And found his pocket ſtufft with Eels:

His cod-piece

Did plenty of proviſion bring,
Somewhat it held of every thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Rochets*, and of *Ling*

A broad piece.

At this diſcovery, each man round
Took equal ſhare of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd

in good drink.

For of good Beer there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to give it o're;
For each man had enough and more

that would drink.

And when they thus had drank and fed,
As if no quarrel had been bred;
They all ſhook hands, and all to bed
did ſhuffle.

Ellis, the glory of the Town,
With that brave Captain of renown;
And thus I end this famous *Coun-*
ter-ſcuffle.

The

The Iriſh Entertainment.

FRom *Carrick*, where the Noble *Ormond* met
Kilkenny's ſupreme Councellors to treat
Of *Irelands* Peace; after I had let fly
At the lean half-boyl'd freſh-beef Ord'nary
All my own ſhillings, and the truth to tell ye,
One more I borrowed of my friend *Jack Belly*:
'Twas time, I thought, to make a quick departure
With my Comrade, *Ned Griffeth*, to free-quarter.
So calling *Ned*, ſaid I, he that long tarries
In this Town, will not find it like *Beau-Maurice*.
Where, when we wanted 12 *d.* we might dine
Like Dukes, and only cry, *Peg*, this makes nine.
Here's no kind Tap-wife, nor confiding Cook,
Will let you eat and drink, and ſmoke by th'Book.
A juſt man ſhould we grant you of that ſort
Can't live by Faith here, tho there's Scripture for't.
But when your pocket's empty, faith Sir, you
Muſt look your belly ſhould even be ſo too. (per
To the Countrey then, where we our Genious pam-
With muſtard and ſalt beef, mutton and ſampher.
And yet no Trencher ſhall after a feaſt
Make us repent the fowling of the reſt:
And reaſons there are many do perſwade one
That by our Landlord we ſhall be much made on.
For my Lord Preſident hath wrote a Letter
That he ſhould treat us like our ſelves, or better.

And

And then for certain, he's a man of bounty,
For, heark *Ned*, he's high Sher.ff of the County.
Beſides, he's of the *Poore*'s, and ſo muſt be
By conſequence, of our own Family.
They ſay that he keeps dogs too, and will courſe
The Hare moſt fiercely, but the Fox much worſe.
And, faith *Ned*, thou'rt a lad whom any right
Good fellow will bid welcome at firſt ſight:
Thy countenance ſo roſie, ſtraight inveagles,
And to ſay truth, we boath are pretty beagles.
This pleas'd *Ned* well, and ſtrait we got two able
Horſes out of my Lord Lieutenant's ſtable.
And to confine, 'twixt dinner time and ſupper
We march'd with our *Portmantues* at our crupper.
When we came there, we certain ſtructures ſaw
All perrywigg'd with ruſhes, and with ſtraw.
So even and like, that *Ned* ſwore by his Maker
Some Leveller had been the Fabricater:
So that to us 'twas not diſtinguiſhable
Which was the Manſion, which the barn or ſtable.
Ned, he alights, and leads (God bleſs us all)
His horſe into his Worſhip's very Hall;
And looking round about, cries in great anger
Here is a ſtable hath neither rack nor manger.
Peace *Ned*, quoth I, prethee be not ſo haſty,
This room's no ſtable, tho it be as naſty:
For I ſee a Harp, and Chimney, and I dare
Say there was fire in't before the war:
So this is no place for your Horſe, you ſee;
'Tis then for very beaſts, I'm ſure, quoth he.
I wiſh'd him be adviſ'd what he ſpake there,
For ſhould ſuch words come to the Sheriffs ear;

'Twas

'Twas gold to ſilver but he would be at us
Ere we were aware, with a *Poſſe-Comitatus.*
Out *Ned* went laughing; I, as 'tis my faſhion,
Fell ſtrait into a ſerious contemplation:
If the High Sheriff ſuch a mean dwelling have,
Ohone, *ôhone*, what has his under Knave!
But ſearching farther, one, whoſe unſol'd ſhooes
Like fetters hung about his feet, came to us;
And for our Horſes, ſaid, he'd ſhew a room,
I ask'd him if he were the Sheriffs Groom?
No Sir, ſaid he, I am his firſt-born, and can
For need, ſupply the office of his man,
I cry'd him mercy, wiſht him not be croſt,
So off went my hat, off went his almoſt.
He bids us go to that houſe, and ſo we took
Our way to the place *Ned* and horſe miſtook.
And after we a little there had wander'd,
In came the man which prov'd to be our landlord;
Who for his face and garb, might pretty well
Paſs *Engliſh* muſter for head-Conſtable.
I with fit ceremony towards him went
And gave him the Letter from the Lord Preſident.
He lookt, and read it, for ought I know
We welcome were, but he ne'r told us ſo:
Opening his mouth at length, he ask'd us how
Corn ſold beyond Seas, and if men did plough?
When, and for what occaſion we came o're,
And if we ever had been there before?
I anſwer'd ſo as pleaſed him, I think;
For ſtrait he bid the Butler bring ſome drink:
But ſeeing him in half-pint diſh of wood
Sip like a maid, thought I, this means no good

Com-

Companion; or elſe the Beer but ſmall,
Both which did prove too true, and this is all
My comfort; now I hop'd to find good fare,
And then for Table-tipple 'twas moſt rare.
Now for ſupper, the round board being ſpread,
The *Van* a diſh of codle'd Onions led;
I'th' body led a ſalted Tail of Salmon,
And in the rear ſome rank Potatoes cames on.
To comfort *Ned*, ſaid I a ſhort repaſt
Muſt ſerve this *Wedneſday* night, cauſe 'tis a faſt.
But Mr. *Sheriff* the next meal will mend it
To our content; quoth *Ned*, I pray God ſend it.
We ſate, and ſoon had made an end of it I trow,
A clean board, if our napkins had been ſo:
But opening one of them, I tell you truth,
My ſtomach was got full before my mouth.
At length it came into my fancy that
They might be reliques oyl'd with holy fat;
And that the Apoſtles when the Paſchal Lamb
Was eaten, dipped their fingers on the ſame.
Our Landlord fed well, and ſeeing us to eat
Nothing, bid us welcome to his meat.
And having done, he croſt himſelf all o're,
His ſupper had ſo done for us before.
When bed-time came, he bade one with a light
Conduct us where we were to lodge that night.
He had himſelf gone with us, I dare ſay,
But that his chamber did not lye that way.
So to a room we came, of which 'tis all,
I thought 'twas correſpondent to his Hall.
Quoth *Ned*, I'll not unſheath, though I am drowſie,
Theſe ſheets were us'd before, and may be lowſie.

What

What then ſaid I, do'ſt thou not know, thou noddy
Freſh linnen is not wholſome for the body.
And lice are here no more an infamy
Than red-hair is the Nations leachery.
So down we fell to ſleep, full well inclin'd,
But through the gaping wall came ſuch a wind
That from my head my night-cap, this is true,
To the further ſide of all the Hall it blew.
And had there been in my fantaſtick pate
As many Wind-mills as I ſaw of late
Near *wexford*, 'twould have wheel'd them all about;
And from my noſe e're ſince, like a ſtill ſpout,
Such diſtillation fell, you'd gueſs by this,
My head were what the Prophet wiſhed his.
Now, cauſe we could not ſleep, we fell to pray
More than we us'd, but 'twas for nought but day.
By the Lord, quoth *Ned*, the Sun, if he ſhould ſup
And lodge like us, at midnight would get up.
And I ſhould tumble leſs, and ſleep more, had I
In ſtead of thee, dear *Ned*, ſome handſome body.
But there's no night ſo long but has his morn,
And ſo had this, which if we had been born
Stark blind, we had not been ſo glad to ſee;
No alarm'd Souldier could more quick than we
Leap from his bed, and ſooner dreſs himſelf;
So down we went, and plaid till hour the twelfth.
Then was the Table cover'd, but the ſame
Linnen we ſaw for fiſh and fleſh-meat came:
Diſhes as formerly were brought in odd,
Pork, *pork*, and *pork*; two boyl'd, one ſod.
I'll hang for't but he thought us *Scots* or *Jews*,
And brought meat not *to eat*, but to *refuſe*.

But we fell on with all our main and might,
Urged by two reaſons, hunger and ſpite.
His napkins fatneſs, or leanneſs of his meat,
Nor want of ſalt, could hinder us to eat.
Nor henceforth ſhall his Eues or embers too
Save him nought, at one meal we'll eat two.
Devouring Swines-fleſh, ſo that he ſhall dreſs
Some better meat, in hopes that we'll eat leſs:
And ſo live and endure till we ſhall be
Releaſed next general Gaol-delivery.
Mean time, if any man think I have told
More than the truth, let him come and behold;
And finding it not thus, I ſhall deſire
What I ſhould, I were a lyer.
And let that man that ſhall diſlike my rimes,
Know that I have made better twenty times.
Nor was my *Muſe* in fault now, but the liquor,
Had that been ſtronger, that had been more quicker.
Who drinks the ſame, I'll hold my ink & pen on't,
He'll write as bad; God bleſs my *Lord Lieutenant*.

FINIS.